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and

Representative Short Poems

FIRST SERIES

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SHORT POEMS

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REPRESENTATIVE SHORT POEMS

FIRST SERIES

Edited
With Introduction and Notes
by

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SOME ELEMENTARY NOTES ON THE EPIC, THE LYRIC, AND THE DRAMA

During the development of literature certain types met with such favor that they took on fairly regular forms and were classified in groups by critics, who, strange as it may seem, go almost as far back in the history of literature as the creators. The most famous and generally accepted of these classifications is that of Aristotle, the Greek philosopher and critic of the fourth century B.C., who divided poetry on the basis of its method of presentation by narrative, song, or action into epic, lyric, and dramatic. He was followed by the Italian critics and though there have been multifarious schemes presented since, his broad division is still generally accepted.

The epic is a long narrative poem dealing with the real or legendary exploits of gods or heroes. The oldest form of epic in all probability arose from the union of a great many narrative ballads that celebrated different incidents in the life of a national hero. A poet took all these, arranged them in some reasonable order, usually in the order of time, and rewrote them or at least revised them, so that they have the stamp of one man's style. This kind of collected or amalgamated popular epic is seen in the old English *Beowulf* and in the great Greek epics of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The literary epic, on the other hand, is a highly-unified and self-conscious imitation of the

genuine popular epic. It is always the product of some poet working in a literary age. Virgil's *Aeneid*, for instance, was written in the Golden Age of Roman literature, the time of Augustus, for the express purpose of glorifying the Julian family and the Roman people. It adopts as literary conventions most of the devices that are peculiar to the style of Homer's epics. Milton's *Paradise Lost* belongs to this group of literary epics written on classical models, Milton following Virgil as he had followed Homer. A kind of Romantic epic developed in Italy at the time of the Renasence. Love and adventure were the chief themes that inspired its writers, who told much the same sort of story as had filled the older prose romances. The one great English epic of this type is the *Faerie Queen*, in which Spenser embodies all the romance and chivalry of the early Renascence period. It looks as if epics had gone permanently out of fashion, for though they are still written, as witness Charles Doughty's colossal one in six volumes, *The Dawn in Britain* (1906), the shorter lyric is now in favor.

The lyric, as its name implies, was originally a song to be accompanied on the lyre and the song, as all critics agree, is the purest form of lyric. In its strict sense, then, a lyric is a short poem that expresses a single emotion. It is, however, more loosely used to include almost any fairly short poem. Sonnets, odes, elegies, ballads, and hymns are only the better-known subdivisions of the great family of lyrics. A lyric, then, obviously may have as its subject-matter any thought or feeling that can enter the soul or the magination of man. That it may move the imagina-

tion or the spirit of other men it must, whatever its subject-matter, make a direct appeal to the feelings and senses; it must, to use Milton's famous description be "simple, sensuous, passionate".

Drama falls into two great classes, tragedy and comedy. In Greek usage tragedy was the drama of gods and heroes, comedy that of the common people. It was felt that the first must be grave and dignified, while the other might be highly amusing and even indecorous. The two types were never mixed. There was no humour in a tragedy and very rarely any seriousness in a comedy, though at times a comedy might be sharp satire on life. Since the usual outcome of a Greek tragedy was the downfall of some great personage, we have come to think of a tragedy as a play that ends in disaster and a comedy as a play that ends happily. Critics have subdivided plays on the basis of their subject-matter and its treatment into numerous classes. The catalogue given by the fussy old Polonius in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* shows the variety of types that were recognized as early as 1600: "The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited".

A play, which is just a story told in dialogue, is the hardest of all literary forms to write. The author must make his characters talk in such a way that their conversation will seem perfectly natural and yet will give the audience all the information they need to follow the story. Further he must be able to enter into the very souls of widely different types of people and show how these people act and speak under the

stress of different emotions. So rarely is this understanding of the human heart combined with the shaping imagination which the dramatist needs that really great plays are far fewer in number than masterpieces of any other branch of art. The English-speaking peoples are blessed in having Shakespeare as their common possession, a dramatist whose only serious rivals are the great tragedians of ancient Greece.

PARADISE LOST

THE VERSE

The measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore, some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies; as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another; not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK I

The subject, Man's fall, proposed, with an invocation to the Muse and Holy Spirit.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought Death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhime.
And chiefly Thou, O Spi'rit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support:
That to the highth of this great argument

I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Man's Sin caused by Satan

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?—
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in Glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n, and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

Satan represented in Hell, just fallen from Heaven.

Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquisht, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom

Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once as far as angels ken he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious, here their prison' ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and weltring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heaven call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

He encourages Beëlzebub by the thought of their immortality

'If thou beest he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright: if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change
(Though changed in outward lustre)that fixt mind,
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
In dubious battel on the plains of Heaven.
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate:
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome?
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me.. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire, that were low indeed,

That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heav'n.'
So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

Beëlzebub replies: 'It will be an immortality of suffering.'

'O Prince, O chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' imbattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'ns perpetual King;
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate;
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and Heav'nly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conqueror, (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'er-pow'rd such force as ours)

Have left us this our spirit and strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminisht, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?'
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-Fiend repli'd.

Satan rejoins: 'At least we can frustrate our enemy's schemes.'

'Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.

'The storm is over, let us make for shore and consult.'

But see! the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heav'n; the sulphurous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice

Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope
If not what resolution from despair.'

Satan's vastness compared.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove
Briarios or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream;
Him haply slumbring on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff

Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:

His rise from the burning lake permitted.

So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others; and enrag'd might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
On man by him seduc't; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.

The two angels fly to land. The land described.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
He lights; if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thundring Ætna, whose combustible

And fuell'd entrals thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have scap't the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

Satan salutes his new-dwelling place.

'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,'
Said then the lost Archangel; 'this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields
Where joy for ever dwells: hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.

He proposes to rouse their followers. Beëlzebub assents.

But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonisht on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?'
So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd. 'Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd;
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.'

Satan described as he moves to the shore.

He scarce had ceas't when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At ev'ning from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast

Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walkt with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea, he stood and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc't

The angels on the lake compared to leaves or sedge.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch't imbowr; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vext the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot-wheels; so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

Satan ironically addresses them.

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded: 'Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battel to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn

To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heav'n-gates discern
Th' advantage; and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.'

The angels on the wing compared to locusts,

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel:
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son in Egypt's evil day
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;

and alighting, to barbarian hordes.

A multitude, like which the populous North

Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw; when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

The chiefs were afterwards known as gods of the heathen

Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in Heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till wandring o'er the Earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.

A catalogue of the chiefs.

Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last.
Rous'd from the slumber on that fiery couch
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?
The chief were those, who from the pit of Hell

Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
Among the nations round; and durst abide
Jehovah thundring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First *Moloch*, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that past through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipt in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next *Chemos*, th' óbscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowry dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleäle to th' Asphaltic pool:
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile

To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they, who from the bordring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth;* those male,
These feminine. For spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not ti'd or manacl'd with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came *Astoreth*, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,

Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge,
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers:
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage, and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offrings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd
A crew who under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd

Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandring gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
Th' infection when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb: and the rebel king
Doubl'd that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself; to him no temple stood,
Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist? as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God.
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest tow'rs,
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd:
Th' Ionian Gods, of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confest later than heav'n and Earth
Their boasted parents; *Titan* Heav'ns first-born
With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
By younger *Saturn;* he from mightier *Jove*

(His own and Rhea's son) like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd : these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air
Their highest Heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

Satan cheers his followers, and bids raise his standard.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainted courage, and dispell'd their fears:
Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc't
Shon like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies: all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host upsent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

They form in battle array to Dorian music.

All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable; anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battel, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubl'd thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence, to soft pipes that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienc't eye; and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods,

Their number greater than that of the giants or heroes.

Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength
Glories: for never since created man,

Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander: he above the rest

A description of Satan and his followers, their withered glory.

In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd; as when the sun new ris'n
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon
Above them all th' Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrencht, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride

Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc't
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood
Their glory wither'd. As when Heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
To speak; whereat their doubl'd ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears such as angels weep burst forth: at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

Satan speaks. 'Our defeat was due to ignorance of God's strength, we must now use guile.'

'O myriads of immortal spirits, O Powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty; and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend

Self-rais'd, and re-possess their native seat?
For me be witness all the host of Heav'n,
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd;
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok't; our better part remains,
To work in close design by fraud or guile
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

'There is a rumour of a new world; about that we must confer.'

Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd,
For who can think submission? War then, war
Open or understood must be resolv'd.'

He spake: and, to confirm his words, out-flew

Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
Against the Highest; and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.

The building of a Council Chamber; Mammon discovers metals.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shon with a glossy scurf; undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous brigad hasten'd: as when bands
Of pioners with spade and pick-axe arm'd
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heav'n; for ev'n in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'ns pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the center, and with impious hands
Rifl'd the bowels of their mother Earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Op'nd into the hill a spacious wound
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those

Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength and art are easily out-done
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.

The metal is cast.

Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross;
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.

Pandemonium described, the architect Mulciber.

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures grav'n,
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine

Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately highth, and straight the doors
Op'ning their brazen folds discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic many a row
Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets fed
With naptha and asphaltus yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a towred structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes, whom the Supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos th' Ægæan ile: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in Hell.

A council summoned. The crowd compared to bees.

Meanwhile the winged heralds by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpets' sound throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hunderds and with thousands trooping came
Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defi'd the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat or carreer with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brusht with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarm'd, and were strait'n'd; till the signal giv'n,

They contract in size, all but the leaders.

Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves,

Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense; and were at large,
Though without number still amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat;
A thousand demigods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

NOVEMBER 22, 1687

1

From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony
This universal Frame began;
When Nature underneath a leap
Of jarring Atomes lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their Stations leap,
And MUSICK'S pow'r obey.
From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This universal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the Compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man

2

What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell?
When *Jubal* struck the corded Shell,
His listening Brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worship that Celestial Sound:
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that Shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell?

3

The TRUMPETS loud Clangor
Excites us to Arms
With shrill Notes of Anger
And mortal Alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thund'ring DRUM
Cryes, heark the Foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

4

The soft complaining FLUTE
In dying Notes discovers
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling LUTE.

5

Sharp VIOLINS proclaim
Their jealous Pangs and Desperation,
Fury, frantick Indignation,
Depth of Pains and Height of Passion,
For the fair, disdainful Dame.

6

But oh! what Art can teach
What human Voice can reach
The sacred ORGANS Praise?
Notes inspiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heavenly Ways
To mend the Choires above.

7

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race,
And Trees unrooted left their Place,
Sequacious of the Lyre;
But bright CECILIA rais'd the Wonder high'r:
When to her Organ vocal Breath was given,
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the Pow'r of Sacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's Praise
To all the bless'd above;
So, when the last and dreadful Hour
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The TRUMPET shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And MUSICK shall untune the Sky.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.
[Composed 1803 (? 1802)-1806.—Published 1807.]

I

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
Thou happy Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,

Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream.

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,

With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never:
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

THE BULL FIGHT

The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
Ne vacant space for lated wight is found:
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance:
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:

His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fix'd: away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
Now is thy time to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak
his woes.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force,
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;

Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray;
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'t is past—he sinks upon the sand!

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies,
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean.

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aery surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

ODE
ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
  Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
  Of deities or mortals, or of both,
    In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
  What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
    What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
  Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
    Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
    She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
  For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
  For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
  For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,

For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

THE GUARDIAN-ANGEL

A PICTURE AT FANO

I

Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find performed thy special ministry
And time come for departure, thou, suspending
Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

II

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,
—And suddenly my head is covered o'er
With those wings, white above the child who prays
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding
Yon Heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door!

III

I would not look up thither past thy head
Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garment's spread?

IV

If this was ever granted, I would rest
  My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
  Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
  And all lay quiet, happy and supprest.

V

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!
  I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
  After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! all is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
  What further may be sought for or declared?

VI

Guercino drew this angel I saw teach
  (Alfred, dear friend!)—that little child to pray,
Holding the little hands up, each to each
  Pressed gently,—with his own head turned away
Over the earth where so much lay before him
Of work to do, though Heaven was opening o'er him,
  And he was left at Fano by the beach.

VII

We were at Fano, and three times we went
  To sit and see him in his chapel there,
And drink his beauty to our soul's content
  —My angel with me too: and since I care

For dear Guercino's fame (to which in power
And glory comes this picture for a dower,
  Fraught with a pathos so magnificent),

VIII

And since he did not work so earnestly
  At all times, and has else endured some wrong–
I took one thought his picture struck from me,
  And spread it out, translating it to song.
My love is here. Where are you, dear old friend?
How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end?
  This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

(CALLED 'THE FAULTLESS PAINTER')

But do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once:
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.
You turn your face, but does it bring your heart?
I'll work then for your friend's friend, never fear,
Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept too his own price,
And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine. Will it? tenderly?
Oh, I'll content him,—but to-morrow, Love!
I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual, and it seems
As if—forgive now—should you let me sit
Here by the window with your hand in mine
And look a half hour forth on Fiesole,
Both of one mind, as married people use,
Quietly, quietly, the evening through,
I might get up to-morrow to my work
Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.
To-morrow how you shall be glad for this!
Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
And mine the man's bared breast she curls inside.
Don't count the time lost, either; you must serve
For each of the five pictures we require—
It saves a model. So! keep looking so—
My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds!
—How could you ever prick those perfect ears,

Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet—
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
Which everybody looks on and calls his,
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
While she looks—no one's: very dear, no less!
You smile? why, there's my picture ready made.
There's what we painters call our harmony!
A common greyness silvers everything,—
All in a twilight, you and I alike
—You, at the point of your first pride in me
(That's gone you know),—but I, at every point;
My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down
To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole.
There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
That length of convent-wall across the way
Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease
And autumn grows, autumn in everything.
Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape
As if I saw alike my work and self
And all that I was born to be and do,
A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange now, looks the life He makes us lead!
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel He laid the fetter: let it lie!
This chamber for example—turn your head—
All that's behind us! you don't understand
Nor care to understand about my art,
But you can hear at least when people speak;
And that cartoon, the second from the door
—It is the thing, Love! so such things should be—
Behold Madonna, I am bold to say.
I can do with my pencil what I know.

What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—
Do easily, too—when I say perfectly
I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge
Who listened to the Legate's talk last week,
And just as much they used to say in France.
At any rate 'tis easy, all of it,
No sketches first, no studies, that's long past—
I do what many dream of all their lives
—Dream ? strive to do, and agonise to do,
And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
Who strive—you don't know how the others strive
To paint a little thing like that you smeared
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,—
Yet do much less, so much less, Someone says,
(I know his name, no matter) so much less!
Well, less is more, Lucrezia! I am judged.
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stopped-up brain,
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
Their works drop groundwards, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.
The sudden blood of these men! at a word—
Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.
I, painting from myself and to myself,
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame

Or their praise either. Somebody remarks
Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
His hue mistaken—what of that? or else,
Rightly traced and well ordered—what of that?
Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?
Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for? all is silver-grey
Placid and perfect with my art—the worse!
I know both what I want and what might gain—
And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
'Had I been two, another and myself,
Our head would have o'erlooked the world!' No doubt.
Yonder's a work, now, of that famous youth
The Urbinate who died five years ago.
('Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)
Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
Reaching, that Heaven might so replenish him,
Above and through his art—for it gives way;
That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
He means right—that, a child may understand.
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it.
But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
Out of me! out of me! And wherefore out?
Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
We might have risen to Rafael, I and you.
Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think—
More than I merit, yes, by many times.
But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,

And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
'God and the glory! never care for gain.
The Present by the Future, what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Angelo—
Rafael is waiting. Up to God all three!'
I might have done it for you. So it seems—
Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules.
Besides, incentives come from the soul's self;
The rest avail not. Why do I need you?
What wife had Rafael, or has Angelo?
In this world, who can do a thing, will not—
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:
Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the power—
And thus we half-men struggle. At the end,
God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.
'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,
That I am something underrated here,
Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.
I dared not, do you know, leave home all day,
For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.
The best is when they pass and look aside;
But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.
Well may they speak! That Francis, that first time,
And that long festal year at Fontainebleau!
I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,
Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,
In that humane great monarch's golden look,—
One finger in his beard or twisted curl
Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile,
One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,

The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
I painting proudly with his breath on me,
All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,
Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of souls
Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hearts,—
And, best of all, this, this face beyond,
This in the background, waiting on my work,
To crown the issue with a last reward!
A good time, was it not, my kingly days?
And had you not grown restless—but I know—
'Tis done and past; 'twas right, my instinct said;
Too live the life grew, golden and not grey,
And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should tempt
Out of the grange whose four walls make his world.
How could it end in any other way?
You called me, and I came home to your heart.
The triumph was, to have ended there; then if
I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold,
You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!
'Rafael did this, Andrea painted that—
The Roman's is the better when you pray,
But still the other's Virgin was his wife—'
Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge
Both pictures in your presence; clearer grows
My better fortune, I resolve to think.
For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
Said one day Angelo, his very self,
To Rafael . . . I have known it all these years. . .
(When the young man was flaming out his thoughts
Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
Too lifted up in heart because of it)

'Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,
Who, were he set to plan and execute
As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings,
Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!'
To Rafael's!—And indeed the arm is wrong.
I hardly dare—yet, only you to see,
Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line should go!
Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!
Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
(What he? why, who but Michael Angelo?
Do you forget already words like those?)
If really there was such a chance, so lost,—
Is, whether you're—not grateful—but more pleased.
Well, let me think so. And you smile indeed!
This hour has been an hour! Another smile?
If you would sit thus by me every night
I should work better, do you comprehend?
I mean that I should earn more, give you more.
See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star;
Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the wall,
The cue-owls speak the name we call them by.
Come from the window, Love,— come in, at last,
Inside the melancholy little house
We built to be so gay with. God is just.
King Francis may forgive me. Oft at nights
When I look up from painting, eyes tired out,
The walls become illumined, brick from brick
Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,
That gold of his I did cement them with!
Let us but love each other. Must you go?
That Cousin here again? he waits outside?
Must see you—you, and not with me? Those loans?

More gaming debts to pay? you smiled for that?
Well, let smiles buy me! have you more to spend?
While hand and eye and something of a heart
Are left me, work's my ware, and what's it worth?
I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit
The grey remainder of the evening out,
Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly
How I could paint, where I but back in France,
One picture, just one more—the Virgin's face,
Not your's this time! I want you at my side
To hear them—that is, Michael Angelo—
Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.
Will you? To-morrow, satisfy your friend.
I take the subjects for his corridor,
Finish the portrait out of hand—there, there,
And throw him in another thing or two
If he demurs; the whole should prove enough
To pay for this same Cousin's freak. Beside,
What's better and what's all I care about,
Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff.
Love, does that please you? Ah, but what does he,
The Cousin! what does he to please you more?
I am grown peaceful as old age tonight.
I regret little, I would change still less.
Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
The very wrong to Francis!—it is true
I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
And built this house and sinned, and all is said.
My father and my mother died of want.
Well, had I riches of my own? you see
How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot.
They were born poor, lived poor, and poor they died:
And I have laboured somewhat in my time

And not been paid profusely. Some good son
Paint my two hundred pictures—let him try!
No doubt, there's something strikes a balance. Yes,
You loved me quite enough, it seems to-night.
This must suffice me here. What would one have?
In Heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—
Four great walls in the New Jerusalem
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo and me
To cover—the three first without a wife,
While I have mine! So—still they overcome
Because there's still Lucrezia,—as I choose.
Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my Love.

DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm to-night,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits;—on the French coast, the light
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegaean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath

Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674.

From a famous passage in the *Reason of Church Government* (1641), a tract written shortly after Milton's return from his Italian journey, we learn how that visit had strengthened his early resolve to write a great poem. His Italian acquaintances pleased with his early poems, urged him to devote himself to literature. He writes: "I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now daily grew upon me, that by labour and intense study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die."

In the University of Cambridge there is preserved a notebook of Milton's with a list in his own handwriting of nearly a hundred possible subjects that he had selected while a student for the great work that he felt he was sometime to write. Sixty of these were taken from the Bible, thirty-three from English and five from Scotch history. These were all for a tragedy, not an epic. 'Paradise Lost,' even at this early time, seems to have attracted him most as it stands first and has four drafts for an 'argument' or plan. It is worth noting here that the 'fall of man' might almost be called a popular subject of the time as there are several epics and tragedies on it before Milton's was written.

The great struggle of the Civil War postponed Milton's design. For over fifteen years he gave himself up to the writing of pamphlets on behalf of the Puritan cause, the cause of human liberty as he saw it. Not till the Puritan cause was lost did he turn again to his early dreams of writing a work for after-times of such a kind that they "should not willingly let it die." And so we find him past middle age, blind, in poor circumstances, and in some danger of execution as a regicide, calmly setting to work on his great project. Everything he had fought for seemed swept away. The body of Cromwell, his 'chief of men', had been dragged from its resting place in Westminster Abbey and

hanged on a gallows, the court of Charles II made mock of th old Puritan morality; in short, the 'sons of Belial' seemed to possess the earth. Yet Milton, with a noble prayer that he be enlightened and supported for his task, sets out to write an epic that may "justify the ways of God to man". There is in all the annals of literature no greater instance of sublime optimism.

His *Paradise Lost* is, by common consent, the greatest single poem in our language and disputes with Dante's *Divina Commedia* the right to be called the greatest of modern epics. In greatness of plan, in sustained dignity of expression, and in the marvellous handling of blank verse that exploits every resource of metrical skill, it stands unrivalled among English narrative poems.

Certain difficulties meet the reader of to-day. Milton's classical training and long familiarity with Latin from his years of work as Latin Secretary in Cromwell's government make him use many English words in their original Latin sense, as 'offend' line 187, in the sense of 'injure'. The order of words and phrases in his sentences, too, is in many places rather that of a Roman than an Englishman. In the second place he assumes a familiarity with the Bible, especially with the early books of the Old Testament that, unfortunately, very few of us now have. And finally, like all the Renascence writers of the time when he began his work as poet, he is steeped in the mythology of Greece and Rome. The notes to this edition aim to remove these difficulties as far as may be, but the student should read and reread the text after he has mastered the meaning. If he does this, he will feel the majesty of Milton's verse and its wonderful range and flexibility. He will also, in all probability, to the horror of some good people, feel a thrill of admiration for Milton's Satan. After all, he is a great and admirable figure. The qualities of patience, courage, and indomitable will even in defeat, lie at the basis of what is best in a man's character. The fact that these qualities may be used to support wrong causes does not make them less admirable in themselves. As one critic has quaintly put it, "Satan, after all, remains a great English gentleman."

The first impression of *Paradise Lost* consisting of 1300 copies was published in 1667. It was arranged in ten instead of twelve books. There seem to have been at least five issues of this edi-

tion by 1669 when it was exhausted. The second edition of 1674 divides the poem into twelve books as it is now regularly printed. Milton got £5 for the first impression and, probably, in accordance with the agreement, which has been preserved, another £5 for each of the second and third impressions, £15 in all, and, as Carlyle puts it, "a rather close escape from death on the gallows."

The student will note that there are a good many words spelled in an older manner. For examples see adventrous (13), rhime (16), battel (43), shon (537), ile (746). Further he will note that 't' is commonly used for 'ed' in past tenses and past participles where it is not pronounced as a separate syllable.

1. *First.* Notice that this is emphatic. It has as much stress in the line as the first syllable of 'disobedience'.

2. *That forbidden tree.* "But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die". *Genesis* II, 17.

Mortal. Deadly, making subject to death.

4. *One greater man.* The Christ.

5. *Seat.* Dwelling-place.

6. *Sing.* It was the custom of epic poets to begin with an invocation of the Muse for inspiration. Homer begins both his *Iliad* and *Odyssey* with such an appeal, Vergil follows him, and epic poets ever since have used this conventional opening. In Milton, however, it is a very real and noble prayer to the 'Heavenly Muse'.

Secret. Remote, hidden.

7. *Of Oreb or of Sinai.* Milton evidently considers that the two names refer to the same place. Horeb is the name given the range of mountains, Sinai is usually confined to two or three of the peaks. See *Exodus* III, 1-5.

8. *That shepherd.* Moses. "Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian". *Exodus* III, 1.

9. *The chosen seed.* That is, the children of Israel.

10. *Rose out of Chaos.* 'Chaos' is a Greek word meaning 'void' or 'emptiness'. See *Genesis* 1, 2.

Sion hill. More often spelled Zion, the hill on which was the old city of Jerusalem, the 'city of David.' Hence it is referred to here as the hill of the psalmist's inspiration.

11. *Siloa's brook.* The little stream that at certain seasons flowed from the pool of Siloam outside the walls of Jerusalem.

12. *Fast by.* Close by, hard by.

The oracle of God. The temple. 'Oracle' is usually confined in Milton to mean either the utterance of a heathen deity or the place where such utterances are spoken. The 'holy of holies' in Solomon's temple, however, is several times called 'the oracle' in I *Kings,* vi.

14. *With no middle flight.* That is, his song will soar aloft in the aether or clear upper air, in other words, attempt loftier themes than those of the ancients. The comparison of a poet, or a poet's song, to the flight of a bird was and is almost a commonplace.

15. *The Aonian mount.* Mount Helicon, on which the Muses dwelt.

18. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." 1 *Corinthians,* iii, 16.

21. *Sat'st brooding.* "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." *Genesis* i, 2.

25. *Highth.* Height, an obsolete variant form.

Argument. Subject.

Providence. Foresight.

29. *Grand parents.* First parents.

32. *For.* Because of, on account of.

35. *With.* By.

36. *What time.* At the time when.

41. *He.* Satan.

45. Compare *Luke* x, 18: "And he said unto them, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven"!

48. *Adamantine.* Made of adamant, and hence 'unbreakable'

49. *Who.* Since he; a Latinism.

50. *The space.* In hell, as there was no sun, time could not be measured by day and night.

51. *Horrid.* In Milton's time this word still had the force that we feel 'horrible' to have. It has been so much misused for things that are not 'horrid' that it is now almost colorless. Milton is fond of the word and evidently feels that it is a very strong adjective.

51. *Crew.* Company; used with contempt.

53. *Confounded.* Utterly confused.

56. *Baleful.* Woeful.

57. *Witnessed.* Showed, gave evidence of.

58. *Obdurate.* The accent, as was regular at that time, is on the second syllable.

59. *Ken.* See.

63. *Darkness visible.* This is the most famous instance in English of the figure of speech known as *oxymoron* literally 'bittersweet', that is, a combination of opposites. There was barely enough light to make the darkness noticeable by faintly outlining dim objects.

66. *Hope never comes.* Probably suggested by Dante's inscription over the gates of Inferno. "Abandon Hope all ye who enter here."

67. *To all.* That is, to all who live on earth.

68. *Urges.* Presses.

72. *Utter.* Outer.

74. 'The Centre' is the earth, 'the utmost pole' is the outermost sphere in the Ptolemaic system of the universe. According to this system the earth was the centre of the universe and the other planets as well as the sun and moon revolved about it, each in one of seven concentric spheres. The fixed stars were in an eighth sphere. Outside these were two other spheres of which the outer one, the Primum Mobile, gave motion to all.

Milton uses the Ptolemaic system throughout his poem though he knew the theory of Copernicus which makes the sun the centre of our universe.

81. *Beelzebub.* That is, Baal-zebub, meaning Lord of flies He was god of Ekron. See *1 Kings* i, 2-6.

82. *Satan* means 'enemy' in Hebrew.

91. The construction changes abruptly here. The strong feeling with which Satan speaks is very well indicated by this broken construction.

93. *Till then.* Till he made use of the thunder.

104. *Dubious.* Of doubtful issue.

107. *Study of.* Continuous endeavor for.

109. Many modern editors follow Newton's edition of 1749 in changing the question mark at the end of this line to a semicolon. The line then means "and whatever else there is that cannot be overcome." With the question mark as in Milton's own edition it means. "And what else does not being overcome

amount to but having the courage never to submit, etc.? Milton's punctuation seems to me to give the better reading.

112-113. *His power who.* This use of the relative to refer to a demonstrative is a Latinism. 'The power of him who' is what we have to say. Compare the common Latin construction ejus——qui.

114. *Doubted his empire.* Feared the overthrow of his authority and power.

Were. Would be.

116. *Fate.* A power independent of and above the will of God. This is the old Greek idea.

117. *Empyreal.* Divine; literally 'made of fire.'

120. *More successful hope.* Hope that will more nearly be realized.

123. *Triumphs.* Note that the accent is on the second syllable here. This was very unusual.

124. *Tyranny.* Sole rule, perhaps implying usurped rule.

127. *Compeer.* Peer or mate; it suggests equality.

128. *Throned powers.* That is, powers that sit on thrones. According to the scholiasts of the Middle Ages the heavenly hierarchy consists of nine orders arranged in three groups: first, Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones; second, Dominations, Virtues, and Powers; third, Principalities, Archangels, and Angels. The term 'angel' was loosely applied to all the orders.

129. *Seraphim.* The word is plural, 'im' being a plural termination in Hebrew. As pointed out above the Seraphim are the highest of the heavenly orders.

Conduct. Leadership.

132. *Put to proof.* Tested, tried. Line 133 depends on 'put to proof.'

134. *Event.* Outcome.

145. *Such.* That is, almighty.

148. *Suffice.* Satisfy. Notice the horrible doubt that assails the fallen angel.

149. *Thralls.* Slaves.

157. *Cherub.* See note on line 128. The Hebrew Cherub has nothing in common with so-called 'cherubs' of Renascence painters, that is, little winged boys drawn from the classical Cupid. See *Ezekiel*, x.

157. *Miserable.* Pitiable.

158. *Doing or suffering.* This evidently refers to lines 146-152. Their lot is hard whether they are to do forced labor or merely to suffer torment but (since the mind is unconquerable) they cannot be made to do good.

161-2. *His high will whom.* Compare lines 112-113 above and note on them.

165. *Still.* Always.

167. *If I fail not.* If I am not mistaken.

172. *O'erblown.* Having 'blown over' as we say, that is having ceased to blow.

Laid. Flattened out.

176. *His.* Its.

177. Note the deep rumble of this powerful line.

178. *Occasion.* Opportunity.

182. *Livid.* Bluish-black, lead-colored.

183. *Tend.* Move, go.

186. *Afflicted.* Overthrown or thrown down.

187. *Offend.* Injure, do harm to.

191 It is the dauntless courage of such lines as this that forces one to admire Milton's Satan.

197. *As whom.* As those whom. Notice how Milton by general statements about Satan's bulk and by comparing him with fabled monsters, makes us conjure up a vast shadowy figure of gigantic size. This is the first of a long series of elaborate similes in the classical manner.

198. See line 509 for Milton's own explanation of these Titans or Giants.

199. *Briareos.* In Greek mythology, son of Uranus and Ge, a giant with a hundred arms.

Typhon. A hundred-headed monster, father of the winds.

200. *Tarsus.* The capital of Galicia in Asia Minor.

201. *Leviathan.* In the Old Testament the word is apparently used of different creatures: in *Isaiah* xxvii, 1 of some kind of great serpent, in *Job* xl, 1 of the crocodile, and in *Psalms* lxxiv, 14 and civ, 26 of some great sea-monster like the whale as here.

204. *Night-foundered.* Overtaken by night.

205. *As seamen tell.* Such stories are not uncommon in old volumes of voyages.

208. *Invests.* Covers.

211. *Had.* Would have.

211-220. Notice this explanation of the reason why sin and suffering exist in the world.

226. *Incumbent.* Weighing on.

230-238. This is the second elaborate simile in the classical manner.

231. *Subterranean wind.* Milton seems to have thought that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions were caused by confined air bursting through the surface of the earth.

232. *Pelorus.* The north-east point of Sicily.

233. *Aetna.* The famous volcano in Sicily.

234. *Thence.* That is, from the subterranean wind.

Conceiving. Catching.

235. *Sublimed with.* Turned into gas by.

Aid the winds. Increase the violence of the winds.

236-7. *Involved with.* Wrapped or rolled in.

239. *Stygian flood.* Lake like the river Styx, the stream that bordered Hades.

244. *Change.* Exchange.

246. *Sovran.* The older spelling of sovereign.

248. *Reason.* Here used almost in the sense of 'right'; the natural order of things.

254-5. These two lines are among the most famous in Milton.

257. *All but less.* Masson suggests that Milton may have dictated 'albeit', Beeching explains it as a confusion between 'only less' and 'all but equal'.

261. *Secure.* Free from care.

263. This famous line expresses the very essence of pride and ambition.

266. *Astonished.* Stunned.

Oblivious. That causes forgetfulness.

268. *Mansion.* Dwelling, abode.

276-7. *On the perilous edge of battle.* An English phrasing of the common Latin "in extrema acie."

282. *Pernicious.* Destructive.

285. *Ethereal temper.* Of ethereal temper, that is of divinely tempered metal.

Massy. Massive. bulky.

286. *Behind him cast.* Slung over his shoulder.

288. *Optic glass.* The telescope then recently invented.

The Tuscan artist. Galileo.

289. *Fesole.* A hill near Florence.

290. *Valdarno.* The valley of the Arno.

291. *Spotty globe.* An accurate description of the moon's surface seen through a telescope.

294. *Ammiral.* Flag-ship.

Were but a wand. Would seem but a slender rod.

296. *Marle.* Generally used of a rich, crumbly earth or soil.

299. *Nathless.* Nevertheless.

302-3. Note the fine rhythm of this famous comparison.

303. *Vallombrosa.* The shady valley, about 18 miles east of Florence.

302-313. This is the third elaborate simile. Notice that the details in it are not all strictly applicable to the comparison but are introduced for their own picturesque quality. Other similes in this first book of the *Paradise Lost* are lines 338-346, 551-559, 768-775, 780-792.

303. *Etrurian.* Of Etruria, a Northern district of Italy corresponding nearly to the modern Tuscany.

304. *Sedge.* Sea-weed.

305. *Orion.* Pronounced like the Irish name O'Ryan. A constellation supposed to bring storms at its rising. Orion is figured in the heavens as a great giant with belt and sword, hence the 'armed.'

306. *Vexed.* Disturbed.

307. *Busiris.* Pharaoh.

Memphian chivalry. Egyptian cavalry. Memphis was the ancient capital of Egypt though Thebes was probably the capital at the time of the Exodus. See *Exodus* xiv, 21-30 for the Biblical account of the Egyptian overthrow.

309. *Goshen.* The district in lower Egypt occupied by the Israelites before the Exodus.

314-15. Notice the deep-throated effect of these lines, secured by the use of broad, open vowels.

317. *Astonishment.* Stupor or trance.

318-329. Note the grim sarcasm of these lines.

331. *Abashed.* Put to shame.

333. *By whom.* By those whom.

335. *Nor did they not perceive.* That is, they did perceive; it was not that they did not perceive.

338. *Innumerable.* Notice how Milton makes this word emphatic by putting a stop after it near the beginning of the line. This is one of his favorite devices for securing emphasis.

339. *Amram's son.* Moses.

340. *Locusts.* For the account of the plague of locusts see *Exodus* x, 12-19.

341. *Warping.* Apparently must mean 'bending' or 'undulating' as the cloud of locusts is affected by the wind.

343. Note the peculiar effect of pathos obtained by the falling cadence of this line.

345. *Cope.* Vault. It is the same word as 'cape', the garment.

346. *Nether.* Lower.

347-9. *The uplifted ——course,* An absolute construction.

348. *Sultan.* In line 378 he is called Emperor.

353. *Rhene.* The Rhine.

Danaw. The Danube.

Her barbarous sons. The various tribes that overran the Roman Empire, some of whom, notably the Vandals, destroyed much of what they seized.

355. *Beneath.* South of.

Libyan sands. That region of Africa west of Egypt stretching from the Mediterranean into the Sahara.

360. *Powers.* See note on line 128.

Erst. Formerly.

362. *Rased.* Erased.

363. *Books of life.* "And I will not blot his name out of the book of life. *Revelations* iii, 5.

366. Note this explanation for God's permitting evil in the world.

372. *Religions.* Religious rites, cerremonies.

374-5. Milton hits on the happy device of identifying the fallen angels with the various heathen deities. In this way he gives a kind of reality to those who must otherwise have remained dim and shadowy figures. The people for whom he wrote were very familiar with the Bible and so the mention of a heathen deity at once conjured up the vision of an evil power at war with the people of God. The very names of these deities were abhorrent to the Bible-reading Puritan. St. Paul in I *Corinthians,* x, 20 seems also to identify the gods of the heathen with devils.

376. *Say Muse.* See line 6.

382. *Roaming to seek their prey.* For the language see *1 Peter* v, 8.

386. *Jehovah.* The God of Israel. The chief of the fallen angels were those who dared to set up their altars nearest his.

386-7. *Throned between the Cherubim.* See *2 Kings* xix, 15.

389. *Abominations.* Note the emphatic pause.

391. *Affront.* Meet face to face.

392. *Moloch.* A name meaning king. He was a sun god worshipped, at least in times of danger or suffering, by human sacrifices.

394. *Timbrels.* Small hand-drums or tambourines.

396-399. Notice the finely rhythmical verse that Milton can write by using lists of proper names. Compare lines 406-411, 463-469, 514-521, 576-587. 717-722. Chaucer, Keats, and Tennyson are other English poets who have this power of weaving names into musical verse.

397. *Rabba.* This was the great city of the Ammonites, about 50 miles east of Jerusalem.

398-9. *Argob, Basan, Arnon,* are names of places south-east of Jerusalem. The Arnon flows into the dead Sea.

402. *Against.* Opposite.

403. *Opprobrious.* Offensive. See line 416, *that hill of scandal,* and line 443, *th' offensive mountain.* This is the mount Olivet of the time of Christ. See *2 Kings* xxiii, 13.

404. *Hinnon.* In Hebrew Hinnom, a valley to the south of Jerusalem. In the times of Ahaz and Manassah children were sacrificed here to Moloch. Hence the valley was called Topheth, 'abomination', literally 'a place to be spit on'. Gehenna is merely a Greek form of Hinnom. When the valley became the cess-pool for the city, it was regarded as symbolizing hell.

406. *Chemos.* The national god of the Moabites and like Moloch a sun-god.

The obscene dread. The object of dread and worshipped with obscene rites. Note that the accent is on the first syllable of 'obscene'.

407-411. All these names were in the land of Moab which lay to the southeast of Jerusalem and north of Arnon. From Areor to Nebo means from south to north as line 411 means from east to west. *Th' Asphaltic pool,* is the Dead Sea.

412-414. See *Numbers* xxv.

415. *Orgies.* Revels.

418. *Good Josiah.* The last good king of Judah.

Drove them hence to Hell. See *2 Kings* xxiii, 13-14.

419. *Flood.* Stream.

420. *Euphrates.* The great river of Mesopotamia that rises in the Armenian mountains. In *Genesis* II, 14 it is mentioned as one of the four rivers of paradise.

422. *Baalim and Ashtaroth.* These are Hebrew plural forms for Baal and Astoreth, line 438.

Those. That is, the former.

430. *Aery.* In the air or through the air.

433. *Their Living Strength.* The Old Testament writers frequently contrast the living Jehovah with the dead idols of the heathen round them. Here, for the moment, Milton seems to be thinking of the idols only and not the devils or fallen angels that they represented.

439. *Astarte,* the moon goddess later identified with Diana by the Romans.

441. *Sidonian.* Sidon was the oldest city of the ancient Phoenicia.

444. *That uxorious king.* Solomon.

Large. Wise.

445. *By fair ido atresses.* That is, by some of his numerous beautiful wives.

446. *Thammuz.* A Syrian sun-god identified with the Phoenician Adon or Adonis. His festival held in June seems to have been the celebration of the return of the sun. He was later identified with the Greek youth Adonis, whom Aphrodite loved and who was killed by a wild boar when hunting in Lebanon. Each year the river Adonis ran red in June.

451. *Purple.* Red with blood. The purple of the ancients is about the color of dried blood. The red of the river is due to red sand.

455. *Ezekiel saw.* See *Ezekiel* viii, 14.

457-461. For the story see *1 Samuel* v, 1-6.

460. *Grunsel-edge.* Threshold.

464. *Azotus.* The Ashdod of the Bible.

465. *Palestine.* That is the land of the Philistines, as regularly

in the Authorized Version of the Bible. Compare line 80. The cities mentioned in 464-466 are all in Philistia.

467-469. Note the liquid melody of these lines.

467. *Rimmon.* A god of storms worshipped by Assyrians and Babylonians. His chief place of worship was the city of Damascus.

469. *Abbana and Pharphar.* When Naaman was told to bathe in the river Jordan to cure his leprosy he exclaimed: "Are not Abbana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" *2 Kings* v, 12.

471. *A leper.* Naaman. For the whole story see *2 Kings* v.

472-476. See *2 Kings* xvi, 10-15.

477. *A crew.* Compare line 51 and note on it.

478. *Osiris, Isis, Orus.* The father, wife, and son among the Egyptian gods. For an account too long to be given here see the article Egypt in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* VII, 716.

479. *Monstrous shapes.* Forms of animals, especially human figures with the heads of animals, under which the Egyptians worshipped their gods.

483. *Borrow'd gold.* See Exodus xi, 2 and xii, 35.

484. *The calf in Oreb.* See *Exodus* xxxii, 1-24 for the story.

The rebel king. Jeroboam.

485. *Doubled that sin.* Set up two calves. For the story see *1 Kings* xii, 26-33.

488. *Equalled.* Made equal (in death) seems to be the meaning.

489. *Her first-born.* The last plague destroyed the first born in every Egyptian family and the first born of the cattle as well. See *Exodus* xii, 29.

Bleating. Apparently used in contempt.

490. *Belial.* A Hebrew word meaning 'worthlessness' or 'wickedness'. Here he is the very spirit of evil personified. As such it is somewhat difficult to see how he could ever have been an angel in heaven.

Than whom. A famous grammatical difficulty. Milton is evidently using 'than' as a preposition.

495. *Eli's sons.* Eli was the high priest. For the story see *1 Samuel*, ii, 12-36. Verse 12 reads, "Now the sons of Eli were sons of Belial; they knew not the Lord."

502. *Flown.* Flushed, filled to overflowing.

With insolence and wine. This combination of two nouns that belong to different categories is not often used in serious passages by modern writers. Notice that one of the nouns refers to a feeling of the mind, the other to a physical substance. Compare Dryden's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.* "With love and wine at once opprest."

The humorous effect to be obtained by an incongrous combination is well illustrated in Thackeray's description. "The girls were in tears and white muslin."

503-505 See *Genesis* xix and *Judges* xix.

506. *Prime.* First.

507. *Were long to tell.* A Latinism. It would be long or take long to tell.

508. *Ionian gods.* Ionian is here used for Greek generally, probably because the word seems connected with Javan, Javan's issue. Javan, son of Japheth, was the legendary ancestor of the Greeks. See *Genesis* x, 2. It is noticeable that Milton devotes little space to the gods of Greece "though far renowned". As a classical scholar he had, of course, a kindly feeling, perhaps even admiration and love for these great and essentially noble deities of the ancient world. They were not like the somewhat 'brutish' deities of the peoples surrounding Israel, powers of evil, but the ideal figures created by a great artistic people who, as St. Paul recognized, were seeking the Lord "if haply they might feel after him, and find him."

509. *Heaven and Earth.* Uranus and Ge in Greek mythology. The God of Israel had created the heavens and the earth. This is the implication that makes the line, "Gods, yet confest later than Heaven and Earth," so satirical.

510. There are many and confused legends of the gods. Milton follows one that makes Saturn depose his elder brother Titan and be in turn deposed by his own son Jove.

515. *Ida.* A mountain in Crete where Zeus, that is, Jupiter or Jove, was born.

516. *Olympus.* A mountain of Thessaly in Northern Greece on which the gods lived.

516. *The middle air.* That is, the atmosphere between earth and heaven, not the aether of the heavens.

517. Delphi in central Greece was sacred to Apollo.

518. *Dodona.* The famous seat of the oracle of Zeus in Epirus.

520. *Adria.* The Mediterranean between Crete and Sicily.
The Hesperian fields. Italy.

521. *The Celtic (fields or lands).* France, especially Brittany
The utmost isles. Britain and the islands beyond.

523. *Damp.* Depressed.
Such wherein. Such that in them. We could not use 'wherein' now in standard English after 'such'.

525. *In loss itself.* In what seemed complete loss.

527. *Like doubtful hue.* Similar expression of mixed feelings.

528. *Recollecting.* Summoning back.

529. *Gently.* This may have its ordinary meaning here or it may, as some editors understand it, mean 'gallantly', as one would expect a gentleman to speak.

531. *Straight.* Straightway, at once.

532. *Clarions.* Trumpets with clear, shrill tones.

534. *Azazel.* A Hebrew word meaning 'withdraw' or 'dismiss'. Milton evidently takes it to be the name of an evil spirit in the one verse of the Bible in which the name occurs: "Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats; one lot for the Lord and the other for Azazel". *Leviticus* xvi, 8. (Revised Version)

536. *Advanced.* Raised.

538. *Emblazed.* Emblazoned, ornamented in colors.

542. *Tore.* Notice the power of this vivid metaphor.

543. *Chaos and old Night.* See *Paradise Lost,* Book II, 890-967 for an account of this region. Chaos means 'void' or 'emptiness'.

546. *Orient.* Bright.

548. *Serried.* Ranged in order.

550. *Phalanx.* A body of heavy-armed infantry formed in close and deep ranks and files. The Macedonian phalanx of spearmen with which Alexander the Great conquered the Eastern world was a famous formation.

550. *The Dorian mood.* This was the most grave and stately form of music among the Greeks.

552. *Old.* Notice the effect Milton gets by using this simple adjective in an unusual position.

556. *Swage.* Assuage.

558-559. A fine tribute to the power of music. Milton, it must be remembered, was himself a good musician and very fond of his favorite instrument the pipe-organ.

557. *Touches.* Strains.

563. *Horrid.* With the literal Latin sense of 'bristling', with spears.

565. *Ordered.* The technical military term. Compare our command, 'Order arms'.

568. *Traverse.* Crosswise.

572. *Hardening.* Growing obstinate or more determined.

573. *Since created man.* This construction is a Latinism. It means of course, "since the creation of man". Compare the well known Latin phrase, "post urbem conditam," since the founding of the city.

574. *Embodied force.* Gathered army.

575. *Small infantry.* The Pygmies.

577. *Phlegra.* An older name of Pallene in Thrace, where the gods are said to have fought with and conquered the giants.

577. *The heroic race.* The heroes of prehistoric Greece who fought in the legendary wars against Thebes and Ilium.

579. *Auxiliar gods.* That is, helping gods. In both the Trojan War and the war of The Seven against Thebes the gods took sides and actually fought at times.

580. *Uther's son.* King Arthur.

581. *Armoric knights.* That is, knights of Armorica or Brittany. Sir Tristram was the most famous.

582. And all who since. Milton in lines 582-587 refers to the famous Christian and Mohammedan warriors whose exploits are celebrated in the old romances that tell of Charlemagne and the peerless knight, Roland. All the names listed here occur in these romances.

583. *Aspramont.* A city in the Netherlands.

Montalban. A city in the south of France.

584. Eastern and African cities.

585 *Biserta,* an African city near Tunis, the Utica of ancient history.

587. *Fontarabbia.* A place in Spain on the Bay of Biscay near Roncesvalles where Charlemagne was defeated by the Moors and according to the Spanish tradition, perished with all his army, including Roland, Oliver, and his other eight paladins.

588. *Compare.* Comparison.

Observed. Paid attention or respect to.

589-604. Note the power of this famous description of Satan.

593. *Excess of Glory.* That is glory too bright to be gazed on.

597. *Disastrous twilight.* That is, ill-omened darkness. 'Disaster', literally 'evil star' was almost a technical term in the science of astrology.

598-9. *With fear of change perplexes monarchs.* This phrase was thought to be seditious and made the official censor hesitate for a time to grant the licence necessary for publication of a book.

601. *Intrenched.* Seamed or grooved, made trenches in.

603. *Considerate.* Calm.

605. *Remorse and passion.* Pity and suffering.

609. *Amerced.* Deprived, with the implication, legally or rightfully deprived.

611. *Yet faithful how they stood.* This depends on "to behold", line 605.

613. *Scathed.* Injured, damaged.

619. *Assayed.* Attempted, tried. We use the form 'essay' now for this sense.

624. *The event was dire.* The outcome was dreadful. Notice Milton's fondness for this word 'dire'.

627. *Presaging.* Guessing, having a presentiment of.

633. *Hath emptied Heaven.* A boastful exaggeration if *Revelation* xii, 4, is to be understood as referring to this revolt of Satan: "And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven and did cast them to the earth."

635-637. Notice this claim that it was not his fault they were defeated. He had not failed either in generalship, 'counsels different', or in courage.

638 *Monarch.* Used here in its literal Greek sense of 'sole ruler'.

641. *Still.* Always.

642. *Tempted our attempt.* This expression might fairly be considered as belonging to what Milton so vigorously objects to in his preface on The Verse of *Paradise Lost*, namely, "the jingling sound of like endings".

646. *Close.* Secret.

649 A famous line, recognized as the most effective expression in English literature of a truth that has been often stated.

650. *Rife.* Common, abundant.

651. *Fame.* Report, rumor.

656. *Eruption.* Outbreak or breaking out.

661. *Think submission.* That is, dream of submission.

662. *Understood.* Apparently in the sense of 'secret'.

665-669. Note the magnificence of the picture.

670. *Grisly.* Horrible.

671. *The rest entire.* That is, all the rest.

672. *Scurf.* Scaly covering.

673. *Womb.* Interior.

674. *The work of sulphur.* This was a common belief in Milton's time.

676. *Pioneers.* The military word of Milton's time for the later 'sappers', the soldiers who clear the way for an army.

678. *Mammon.* A Syriac word used in the New Testament (*Matthew* vi, 24 and *Luke* xvi, 13) as a personification of riches or the spirit of worldliness.

679. *Erected.* Elevated.

682. *Trodden gold.* See *Revelations* xxi, 21: "And the street of the city was pure gold".

684. *In vision beatific.* The usual theological phrase for the vision of God which, of course, filled the beholder with joy.

686. *Centre.* That is, of the earth.

686-688. The idea expressed in these lines that gold or wealth is a curse and might better have been left hidden in the earth was a common idea in classical poetry, especially in Ovid and Horace.

690. *Admire.* In the original Latin sense of 'wonder'.

692. *Bane.* Poison, cause of ruin.

694. *Babel.* Babylon, though it may mean more specifically the temple of Belus in Babylon. See line 717 below.

694. *Memphian.* Egyptian. The 'works' referred to are probably the pyramids.

697. *And in an hour.* (is easily outdone).

699. *Hands innumerable.* "There were 360,000 men employed for near twenty years upon one of the pyramids, according to Diodorus Siculus, i and Pliny 36, 12"—Newton's note quoted by Beeching.

702. *Sluiced.* Drawn off through channels controlled by flood-gates.

703. *Founded.* Cast.

704. *Scummed the bullion dross.* Skimmed off the impurities from the surface of the molten metal.

709. *The sound-board.* The sound-board forms the top of the wind-chest in which the pipes are inserted.

710. *Anon.* Soon, presently.

711. *Exhalation.* Mist.

713. *Pilasters.* Square columns projecting from a quarter to half their thickness from a wall. Structurally they serve the purpose of piers.

Round. Around.

714. *Doric pillars.* Massive pillars practically bare of decoration.

715. *Architrave.* Literally 'arch-beam', the horizontal block of stone resting on two columns or pillars.

716. *Cornice or frieze.* The frieze is the part of a wall immediately above the architrave; the cornice projects above the frieze.

716. *Bossy.* Projecting from the walls or in relief.

717. *Fretted.* Ornamented in patterns.

Babylon. The great city on the Euphrates, capital of ancient Babylonia and later conquered by the Assyrians under whom it reached its greatest magnificence.

Alcairo. Thebes.

720. *Belus or Serapis.* Gods of Babylon and Egypt respectively.

723. *Stood fixed her stately highth.* Stood firm along its whole height. Note the 'her' applied to the building which is evidently personified like a ship.

724. *Brazen folds.* Double doors of bronze.

Discover. Reveal.

727. *Pendent.* Hanging.

728. *Cressets.* Iron vessels for holding illuminating substances such as burning oil or gummy wood.

729. *Naphtha and asphaltus.* Oil and mineral pitch.

735. *Supreme.* Accented on the first syllable.

737. *Orders.* See note on line 128 above.

739. *Ausonian land.* Italy.

740. *Mulciber.* That is, 'the softener', a surname of Vulcan, the Roman God of fire and working of metals identified with the Greek Hephaistos.

742. *The crystal battlements.* This description applies to the

Christian heaven not to the Greek Olympus. The story of the throwing of Hephaistos from Olympus is in Homer's *Iliad*, Book 1, 591-593.

747. *Erring.* Note the emphatic pause.

Rout. Company.

750. *Engines.* Contrivances.

756. *Pandemonium.* A word coined by Milton meaning 'of all the demons'. It was probably suggested by the name of the Roman temple to all the gods, the Pantheon. It has passed into common use in the sense of mad uproar or a place of wild confusion and excitement.

759. *By place or choice.* By rank or election.

761. *All access.* Every way of entrance.

763. *Covered field.* Many commentators think this a mistranslation of the French 'champ clos', that is, 'enclosed field'. It is more likely that Milton is thinking chiefly of the size. It was as large as a field and it was roofed over. He may have had in mind stories told by Crusaders about the size of the tents or pavilions used by the Soldan.

Wont. Were accustomed to.

764. *Soldan's.* Sultan's.

765. *Paynym.* Pagan or infidel, especially Mohammedan.

766. *Mortal combat.* That is, battle with sharp weapons till one of the combatants is killed.

Career with lance. This in contrast may be with the 'arms of courtesy', that is, with blunt-headed lances. A career is a course or running together of the two combatants.

769. *With Taurus rides.* Is in the constellation of Taurus.

772. *The smoothed plank.* The smooth board for the bees to alight on in front of the hive.

773. *Straw-built citadel.* The common bee-hive of Milton's time was made of ropes of straw wound and fastened in the conical form that we still describe as 'bee-hive shaped'.

774. *Expatiate.* Move about.

Confer. Confer of, discuss.

775. *Straitened.* Cramped for room.

776. *The signal given.* An absolute construction.

781. *The Indian mount.* The Himalayas.

785. *Arbitress.* Spectator, a good example of Milton's practice of using words derived from Latin in the original sense

Nearer. Either in anxiety to get a better view, or charmed by magic. The moon was thought peculiarly subject to spells.

790. *Were at large.* Had plenty of room.

793. *In their own dimensions.* That is, in their normal size.

795. *In close recess.* In carefully guarded retirement.

Conclave. By derivation 'conclave' means a room that can be locked. It is the technical name for the meeting of cardinals to choose a new pope. Milton, who was strongly opposed to the Roman Catholic Church, no doubt uses the word intentionally for this council of fallen angels.

797. *Frequent and full.* Numerous and complete. We still speak of a 'full meeting' when all, or nearly all, entitled to attend are present.

798. *Summons.* See line 757.

Consult. Consultation.

Milton, it should be noted, makes his council follow English Parliamentary usage pretty closely. The reading of the summons is very like the speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament. The great debate described in Book II might, so far as its form is concerned, have occured in a British House of Parliament.

JOHN DRYDEN, 1631-1700

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day

Saint Cecilia was one of the early Christian martyrs who suffered death with her husband Valerian either at Rome in 230 or, according to the researches of de Rossi, in Sicily between 176 and 180. The popular legend is that she was a beautiful and high-born Roman maiden who, despite a vow of celibacy, was forced by her parents to marry a young nobleman Valerian. She converted him, however, to her views on celibacy and also to her faith in Christianity. They were martyred together.

Her musical fame rests on a mere mention in the early legend that she praised God with instrumental as well as vocal music. The legend of her musical skill has grown with the centuries. Painters from Raphael down to our own time have used her as a subject. Chaucer tells her story in the Second Nun's Tale and Dryden's Ode, *Alexander's Feast* or, *The Power of Music* is ostensibly written in her honor as well as his *Song for St. Cecilia's Day*. Her feast is celebrated in the Roman and Anglican calendars on November 22.

This song was written for the festival of 1687. Music lovers had revived the celebration of her feast-day in England in 1683 when the famous composer Purcell wrote the music for a song composed in her honor. The songs in 1684 and 1685 were written by Oldham and Nahum Tate respectively. *Alexander's Feast* by Dryden was written in 1697 and an *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* by Pope in 1708.

1. The idea that the universe was created to the sound of music, indeed that music was the means of bringing harmony into the unorganized mass, was a common Greek conception said to originate with the philosopher Pythagoras.

2. *Frame.* Structure; a favorite word at this time. Compare Addison's well-known hymn, 'The spacious firmament on high', where 'a shining frame' is used to decribe the 'spangled heavens'.

4. *Jarring atoms.* Discordant elements. Nature, that is,

the organized universe, is pictured as being merely inherent in the welter of Chaos.

5. *Heave her head.* Compare 'Had risen or heaved his head', *Paradise Lost*, line 211. Dryden has many phrases borrowed from Milton.

7. This, of course, is the voice or message from on high.

More than dead. That is, they have never been alive, never formed any organized structure whether plant or animal.

8. For the whole of lines 3-8 compare *Paradise Lost* Book II, lines 890-910. For this line compare 898. These adjectives describe the four elements recognized in the natural science of the ancients, earth, air, fire, and water. Their order must of course be rearranged to correspond to this order of the elements.

11. This repetition of phrasing is almost conventional in a formal song or ode of this type.

14. *The notes.* The seven first notes in the octave.

5. *Diapason.* The entire compass of tones.

Closing. Ending.

6. *Quell.* Kill.

17. *Jubal.* "He was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ". *Genesis* iv, 21.

18. *Corded shell.* A classicism for 'lyre' which in its earliest form was fabled to be made from a tortoise shell (testudo).

25. Note how stanzas 3, 4, and 5 attempt to make the words echo the characteristic sounds produced by the instruments that are described.

28. *Mortal.* That bring death.

34. *Discovers.* Reveals.

36. *Lute.* A stringed instrument with a large pear-shaped body played by plucking the strings.

41. *Dame.* Mistress, lady-love.

44. *Organs.* The organ, that is the pipe-organ as we know it, was an invention, or at any rate a radical improvement of an earlier instrument, dating from the middle ages. Some kind of organ, however, was known in the Roman Church at least as early as the seventh century. It is improbable that the organ was in use in St. Cecilia's time.

47. *Mend.* Improve, amend.

48. *Orpheus.* The son of Apollo, who played so sweetly on

his lyre that birds and beasts and even stones and trees were drawn to follow him.

50. *Sequacious of.* Following.

53. This is the legend which painters have nearly all chosen to depict.

57. *Sung.* As usual at this time for 'sang'. The music of the spheres in which each makes one note of the harmony is, of course, a familiar allusion in poetry.

59. This line, no doubt, refers to the opening lines of the famous Latin hymn the 'Dies Irae' familiar in English from Sir Walter Scott's translation in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel:*

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away."

60. *Pageant.* Show, spectacle.

61. *The trumpet.* See *1 Corinthians* xv, 52.

63. *Untune.* Destroy, by destroying the harmony to which it was first fashioned.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850

Ode

Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood

This noble ode was written in 1803 and 1806. Wordsworth's own note is the most valuable, indeed the indispensable, commentary on it:

This was composed during my residence at Town-end, Grasmere. Two years at least passed between the writing of the four first stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself; but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or experiences of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere—

"A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death!"

But it was not so much from feelings of animal vivacity that my difficulty came as from a sense of the indomitableness of the Spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated, in something of the same way, to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines—

"Obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;" etc.

To that dream-like vividness and splendour which invest objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here: but having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith, as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of Man presents an analogy in its favour. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations; and, among all persons acquainted with classic literature, is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the "Immortality of the Soul", I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorising me to make for my own purpose the best use of it I could as a poet.

> "The Child is Father of the Man;
> And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety."

The central idea of the poem is, as Wordsworth points out above, to be found in Platonism. It appears in English literature in the work of the 17th century Platonists, the most striking instance being Vaughan's *The Retreat* reprinted in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* as No. 98. This poem should be read for the light it sheds on Wordsworth's Ode. So, too, should a good translation of Plato's *Phaedo* which is the real origin of these ideas in western literature.

5. This line, of course, is in apposition with 'celestial light'.

10. The whole of stanza II is explanatory of line 9.

13. *Bare.* Free of clouds.

21. *Tabor's sound.* The tabor is a small drum.

22. *Alone.* In spring-time all creatures seem to be happy.

25. Note the beauty of this finely imaginative line descriptive of the water-falls common in his beloved Lake Country.

26. *The season wrong.* Do wrong to the season (by being so out of keeping with its spirit).

28. *The fields of sleep.* That is, the West, which the dawn has not yet reached.

38. *Jubilee.* Probably in the literal Latin sense, shout of joy, though the ordinary meaning, a season or occasion of general joy, also gives a good enough meaning.

40. *Coronal.* Crown; probably an allusion to the Greek and Roman custom of wearing a wreath of flowers at a banquet. The 'coronal' here is a purely spiritual one, the feeling of joy.

42. That is, it would be an evil day if he were sad and moody on this glad May morning.

51-57. Though he feels the general spirit of joy and rejoices in it yet no one object gives him the same intense thrill that he felt when he saw it as a boy.

58-76. This famous stanza expresses the central idea of the ode. The student will find few passages in English poetry where the language and the thought are more perfectly fitted to each other. If the transition from stanza IV seems abrupt the student should remember from Wordsworth's note that there was an interval of more than two years between the writing of stanzas 1-4 and the rest of the ode.

67. *The prison-house.* Life. This idea is borrowed from Plato.

68. *The growing Boy.* Note the stages of the journey away from the early glory of infancy: boy (68), youth (71), and man (75).

71. *The east.* The light of dawn or birth.

Nature's Priest. One who loves and sees into the mysteries of Nature.

77-84. Stanza VI, tells how Earth tries to win the love of her Foster-child.

78. *Yearnings.* For a child, like man, of her very own.

81. *Homely.* Homelike, kindly.

Nurse. Earth is only the nurse not the mother of man. He is of heavenly birth.

85-107. Stanza VII tells of the various interests that capture the boy's heart as Earth tries to win him to herself.

85. *Behold the Child.* These lines were written with the thought of Hartley Coleridge in mind. See the poem *To H. C.*,

six years old beginning "O thou, whose fancies from afar are brought".

102. *Cons.* Learns, studies.

103. *'Humorous Stage'.* According to the physiology of the middle ages and even of the time of Shakespeare a man's interests in life were determined by his 'humor' or, as we say, 'temperament'. This sense of the word is found in the title of Ben Jonson's comedy, *Every Man in his Humour.* Wordsworth probably had in mind the famous speech of Jacques in *As You Like It* II, vii, 139-166 where he describes the seven ages of man.

108-128. Stanza VIII is a remonstrance with the child for striving to become the slave of earth.

110. *Yet.* As yet, still. Since he still keeps his 'heritage' he is the 'best Philosopher' for he is nearer to heavenly wisdom.

112. *That.* The antecedent is 'thou best Philosopher', 'thou Eye'.

112. *Deaf and Silent.* Deaf to the alluring voices of the world and silent in contemplation. It may seem a violent metaphor to speak of an 'eye' as 'deaf and silent' but the sense is clear and the imaginative power of the passage sustains the figure of speech. Compare Milton's 'blind mouths' of *Lycidas,* line 119.

120. *Is not to be put by.* Notice the power Wordsworth has of using the simplest words effectively.

123. *Provoke.* Summon, try to induce. The child is playing that he is grown up and acts the part he may later have to take in reality.

124. *The inevitable yoke.* The bondage of habit and custom that is unavoidable.

129-167. The poet utters this prayer of thanks that we cannot ever quite obliterate the traces of our heavenly origin.

134. *Perpetual benediction.* Continual thankfulness.

138. *Still.* Always.

141-160. The best comment on these lines is what Wordsworth says in the note reprinted at the beginning of these notes.

141. *Obstinate.* Persistent, constantly recurring.

143. *Fallings from us, vanishings.* Wordsworth says elsewhere, "There was a time in my life when I had to push against something that resisted, to be sure that there was anything

outside of me. I was sure of my own mind; everything else fell away and vanished into thought".

148. *But for those first affections.* The grammatical relation is "I raise the song of thanks and praise", lines 139-140 above.

151. *The fountain-light.* The source that gives light.

152. *Master-light.* That is, a light that determines what we shall see.

155. *Truths.* The relation is "are yet truths that".

161-167. In this passage Wordsworth has slightly changed his metaphor and pictures us as brought to this world on an 'immortal sea' by which he seems to mean the sea of immortality. We who are older have moved inland but the children still play on the shore. Notice the beautiful rhythm of these lines.

168-186. Stanza X goes back to an expression of joy such as was voiced in stanzas III and IV. The joy of this stanza, however, is the sober joy of manhood and contemplation which has succeeded the ecstasy of youth.

181. *Primal sympathy.* Original or early fellow-feeling. Since in youth we felt the thrill of spring-time and the creatures' gladness we can always sympathize with it in our later years.

187-203. Stanza XI is an appeal to Nature that he may love her still with an even tenderer and more understanding spirit though it may be a less ecstatic one.

192. *Fret.* Eat away, gnaw.

197-198. That is he does not feel the wild thrill of delight as when a boy since he has come to realize that life as a whole is somewhat sad.

199. That is, though in the race with Time he has lost the keen delight of boyhood, yet he has won a new and perhaps even deeper feeling which he describes in the last four lines.

200-203. The thought of these lines is undoubtedly affected by the death of the poet's brother John, captain of an East India Company's ship, which was lost in the English Channel in February, 1805. See *Elegiac Stanzas*, especially lines 35-36,

> "A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
> A deep distress hath humanized my Soul".

Perhaps even more significant are lines 37-38,

> "Not for a moment could I now behold
> A smiling sea, and be what I have been".

203-4. These lines must be read in close connection with lines 200-201. Wordsworth is not saying that there is anything

inherent in a flower to cause such thoughts. It is the flower in relation to the life of men that moves him to thoughts "too deep for tears". His brother had been fond of gardening and had intended after one more voyage to retire from the service and come to live with the poet.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, 1788-1824

The Bull Fight

These stanzas describing the popular Spanish sport are taken from Canto I. of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* where they comprise stanzas 72 to 79 inclusive. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* is a long narrative and descriptive poem in four cantos that stretch out together to almost five hundred stanzas. It describes with great power and vivacity the various places Byron visited in a prolonged tour of the continent. Besides the mere descriptions there is much comment and criticism on people and affairs. Cantos I and II were published early in 1812 after his return to England. In his own words "he awoke one morning and found himself famous". The open profession of melancholy, the exploiting of his own misery, as it were, caught the fancy of the public, almost as much as the brilliant descriptions of sea and mountain and storied city. A fifth edition was called for by December.

The poem is written in the well-known Spenserian stanza invented by Edmund Spenser in the reign of Elizabeth. The movement of Byron's stanza in this vigorous description is considerably more rapid than is usual in Spenser's rather dreamy stanza.

1. For the better understanding of Byron's rather inaccurate account it would be well to read the article on 'Bull-fighting' in any good encyclopaedia. Those who have access to *The Encyclopaedia Britannica* will find an admirable account in volume 4, pages 789-790.

1. *Lists.* The word used for the place of the old knightly tournaments. Note the satire of its use here.

Oped. Opened.

Spacious area. There is no regulation size but the field is oval in shape, 100 yards or more in length and surrounded by a stout fence about 6 feet high. The ground is covered with sand.

2. *Thousands.* The bull-ring at Madrid seats 12,000. The seats are arranged in tiers above one another as in a football stadium or big circus tent.

4. *Ne.* Here apparently in the sense of 'no'. This is a misuse of the archaic 'ne' which was properly used either as the conjunction 'nor' or as an adverb meaning 'not', 'never', 'nay' and contracting with certain verbs that followed it, for instance, 'nam', for 'ne am'.

Lated. Belated.

Wight. Person. The word is now archaic.

5. *Dons, grandees.* Don is a Spanish title of respect now common to all classes like our Sir. It formerly was used of a noblemen or gentleman. Grandee is a nobleman of the first rank.

6. *Ogle.* Amorous or coquettish glance.

7. *The wound.* That is, the wound caused by the glance.

9. *Sad archery.* This, of course, refers to the classical myth of Cupid with his bow and arrows.

10. *Gallant steeds.* As a matter of fact broken-down old horses with their eyes blind-folded are regularly used by the picadors, as the horsemen are called. About 6000 horses and 1300 bulls are killed each year in the Spanish bull-fights.

12. *Cavaliers.* Horsemen; the picadors, who worry the bull by jabbing him with short lances but do not try to kill him.

14. *Featly.* Nimbly; an archaic word.

18. *All that.* Namely, fame, popularity.

Repay. This is either a careless use of the plural for the singular, 'all that—repays their toils', or 'repay' is used in the unusual sense of 'return', give in repayment; 'their toils give in payment'. The first explanation is the more likely.

19. *Sheen.* Splendor.

20. *Matadore.* The matador is the slayer of the bull. Byron is mistaken here. The second stage in the combat is that of planting the gaily decorated darts in the bull's neck by the banderilleros. These men use their red cloaks to taunt and enrage the bull.

21. *Invade.* Loosely used in the sense of 'attack'.

24. *Lurk.* Lie hidden or unnoticed.

25. *His arms a dart.* The matador is armed with a sword that has a heavy flat blade. He tries to kill the bull with a single thrust, a very difficult feat that requires much skill and great coolness.

27. *Bear.* Suffer.

29. *The den expands.* The pen or yard opens.

40. *Career.* Rush.

41. *Croupe.* "The croupe is a particular leap taught in the manege". (Byron's note). Croup ordinarily means the hind-quarters of a horse.

51. *Unseam'd.* Ripped open.

54. *Stemming.* Making headway against.

57. *Brast.* Burst; an archaic form.

59. *The Matadores.* This is a mistake; there is only one matador in the ring. He uses a small red silk flag on a short staff to attract the attention of the bull. He does not wear a red cloak. That is the distinctive garb of the banderillero.

62. *Conynge.* Cunning, in the sense of skilful. Both meaning and spelling are archaic.

64. *Mingles.* A very loose use of the word to mean 'joins' or 'unites'.

66. *Decline.* Sink down.

71. *Four steeds.* The custom now is to use a triple mule team to drag out the carcass.

72. *Dark bull.* Most of the bulls specially bred for fighting, are black or at least dark in color.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, 1792-1822

Ode To The West Wind

This ode was published with *Prometheus Unbound* in 1820. Shelley's own note explains the circumstances in which the poem was written:

"This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it."

The *Ode to the West Wind* is as skilfully constructed as any poem that Shelley wrote. The poet in his mood of despondency calls on the West Wind in the first three stanzas to listen to his prayer. The prayer itself is uttered in stanzas IV and V. It asks first that he may be lifted like a leaf, or impelled like a cloud or wave, or played on like the wind-harp or Aeolian lyre. It then asks for fellowship with the West Wind in spirit and power so that the poet may spread his thoughts among men as the wind scatters leaves and seeds to live again when the winter passes. As this fierce autumn wind ushers in the winter and thus gives promise of spring to come, so may his fierce spirit bring in the spring time of a better world.

Each stanza is really a kind of sonnet. The rhyme scheme is that of Dante's famous terza rima of the *Divina Commedia.* The scheme may be represented by letters as ababcbcdc..... yzyzyz. It will be noticed that the first and last rhymes occur only twice and all the others three times. Shelley has the last occur three times by making the 14th line rhyme with the 13th

instead of beginning a new rhyme series. The effect of this couplet is to give the feeling of a pause and so to divide what would otherwise be continuous verse into stanzas.

4. *Hectic.* Feverish; it suggests the flush on the cheeks of a consumptive.

9. *Thine azure sister.* Probably the Zephyr, the soft southwest breeze. In the classics, however, the winds are all masculine.

10. *Clarion.* Clear-toned trumpet.

11. *Like flocks.* The prevailing color is white and at a little distance the blossoms have a fleecy look.

17. *Tangled boughs.* As leaves are shaken from the trees, so clouds formed of moisture from the ocean seem to be shaken from great trees in the heavens.

18. *Angels.* That is, messengers.

21. *Maenad.* That is, the frenzied one; a woman who takes part in the wild revels by torchlight in worship or praise of Dionysus.

25. *Sepulchre.* Tomb; the fierce autumn storm marks the death and burial of the year's life.

26. *Congregated.* Gathered.

28. *Black rain.* That is, rain from the dense black cloud, and so seeming black against its background.

31. *Crystalline.* Note that the accent is on the second syllable here.

32. *Pumice isle.* An island formed of lava from a volcano.

Baiae's bay. Baiae, the modern Baja, near Cape Misenum west of Naples, was the favorite watering-place of the Romans in the time of Augustus.

33. *In sleep.* It is dead calm and so the reflection is perfectly still or merely shimmers (quivering, 1. 34) in the glistening water.

36. *The sense faints.* Both Shelley and Keats speak of being so wrought up by the beauty of a scene as to grow weak and faint. Compare Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale:* "A drowsy numbness pains my sense", lines 1-2.

41. *Grow gray with fear.* When the wind ruffles the surface the marine plants at once look dull and gray.

43-45. Note how the mention of 'dead leaf', 'swift cloud' and 'wave' in these lines at once relates this stanza to stanzas I-III.

56. The prayer, notice, is to dispel his melancholy and

despondency and let him be again, as he is by nature, akin to the wind.

60. Note the deep music of this line

63. *Dead thoughts.* In his mood of despondency he feels that what he has written in the past has not quickened anyone into new life.

64-65. Note how these lines call back the mind to the description in the first stanza, 2-12.

68-70. These triumphant lines give a sense of exaltation to the whole Ode. Notice how the apostrophe to the West Wind in the second stanza "Thou dirge

Of the dying year"

is fulfilled in this vision of Spring to come. There are few passages in English poetry that give so clearly the sense of inspiration as do these closing lines of the *Ode to the West Wind*

JOHN KEATS, 1795-1821

Ode On A Grecian Urn

This ode was first printed in the volume of 1820, *Lamia and Other Poems.* It was written in the spring, probably in May, of 1819. Despite much searching no one has found a Grecian urn in any museum or private collection that is quite clearly the inspiration for this poem. Keat's latest biographer, Miss Amy Lowell who died this spring, maintains that "the inspiration for it came from the Elgin Marbles, from that part of the frieze of the Parthenon which shows the cattle being brought to the sacrifice." Her argument is ingenious and at least plausible. (John Keats, Vol. II. pp. 241-2). Whatever its source, this poem on Greek art is accepted by almost every critic as marking, with the *Ode to a Nightingale,* Keats' supreme achievement in poetry.

There seem to be two main scenes depicted. The first is that of the fleeing maidens pursued by gods or men (lines 8-10). The youth and lover and maiden of the second stanza may be considered parts of this scene. The second is the procession of priest and heifer and people to the place of sacrifice in lines 31-34. The question of line 35 about the 'little town' that is emptied of its folk probably does not refer to anything depicted on the urn. To the poet's imagination the pictured scenes are so real that he cannot help seeing the little town from which all these folk have come out to sacrifice.

The theme of the poem is the permanence of art in contrast with the fleeting joys of man's passion. The beauty of the sculptured scenes has become 'a joy forever'; the lover who actually won his goal is long since perished and may have found with the writer of *Ecclesiastes* that the satisfaction of his desires was only vanity and vexation of spirit.

1. *Thou.* The urn is addressed.

Unravish'd. Unspoiled; whose purity and beauty are still untouched.

2. *Foster-child.* 'Silence and slow time' are not its parents, only its nurses.

3. *Sylvan historian.* One who tells a woodland tale. Notice that the setting of the action is amid trees. See lines 15, 21, 43.

5. *Legend.* Story, here told in pictures.

7. *Tempe.* A valley in Thessaly in Northern Greece between Mount Olympus and Mount Ossa. It was celebrated for its beauty from very ancient times.

Arcady. An obsolete and poetical form of Arcadia, a pastoral region in the heart of the Peloponnesus of ancient Greece, almost surrounded by mountains and celebrated for its rural simplicity. Arcadia came to be thought the home of ideal shepherds and shepherdesses in Renascence literature.

8. *Loth.* Unwilling.

10. *Ecstasy.* Madness, intense joy.

11. *Unheard.* That is, only imagined.

13. *Sensual.* Of the senses.

15. *Leave.* Stop, cease.

19. *Fade.* Grow old and lose her beauty.

26. *Still.* Always.

28. *Passion.* Note that this is object of 'above'.

29. *Cloy'd.* Surfeited.

32. *Green altar.* Woodland altar decked with boughs.

34. *Garlands.* It was customary to decorate the victim with wreaths of flowers.

36. *Citadel.* The central fortress of a walled city.

41. *Attic shape.* That is, the urn, which is in outline and proportions such as the Athenians loved.

Brede. An archaic form for 'braid'; 'embroidery'. Here it means practically 'decoration'.

44. *Tease.* The fashionable word just now for the same idea is 'intrigue'.

45. *Pastoral.* Romance of pastoral life. The picture carved in marble is described as 'cold'.

49. *Beauty is truth.* The identity of beauty and goodness is an old Greek idea. It seemed to the Greeks most improbable that an ugly person could be good or a really beautiful person evil.

ROBERT BROWNING, 1812-1889

The Guardian Angel; A Picture At Fano

This poem was first printed in *Men and Women* of 1855. It is based on a painting by Guercino (1590-1666) in the church of St. Augustine at Fano, an Italian city on the Adriatic at the mouth of the river Metauro, almost due east of Florence. The picture is described by Berdoe in *The Browning Cyclopaedia* in these words: "An angel with wings outspread is standing in a protecting attitude by a little child, and the angel's left arm embraces the infant, while the right hand encloses the hands of the child clasped in prayer. Cherubs look down from the clouds".

Browning who was staying at Ancona, near Fano, was so impressed by the picture that he went to visit it three times with Mrs. Browning.

4. *Thy special ministry.* That is, overseeing the child's evening prayers.

5. *Suspending.* Putting off for a time, postponing.

7. *Retrieve.* Save.

12. *On that tomb.* In the picture the child kneels on a kind of pedestal that Browning evidently considers a tomb.

14. *Opes its door.* In the picture Cherubs look down through an opening in the clouds.

18. *Bird of God.* This is the name Dante uses for an angel in the *Purgatorio,* Canto IV.

29. *Worldly wrong.* Wrong done him by the world.

33-35. Compare the thought of these lines with that of the concluding lines, 49-50, of Keats' *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

36. *I saw.* The relative 'that' or 'whom' is omitted as often in Browning.

37. *Alfred.* Mr. Alfred Dommett, the Waring of the poem by that name.

46. *My angel.* His wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

51. *Endured some wrong.* Been criticized unjustly.

54. *You.* Alfred Dommett, at this time in New Zealand.

55. Wairoa. A river in the North island of New Zealand.

56. Ancona. An Italian city close to Fano. It is the chief seaport between Venice and Brindisi.

Andrea Del Sarto

Andrea del Sarto, that is, Andrea (son) of the Tailor, is based on the account of that painter in Vasari's *Lives* (Vol. III, pp 180-236, Bohn's Library) which it follows closely in the characterization of both personages and in the facts Andrea refers to. The poem is one of the finest examples of a type that Browning developed, indeed almost invented, the dramatic monologue.

The dramatic monologue, as the name implies, is supposed to be the speech of one person. In Browning's usage there is always a definite situation, usually quite clearly indicated in the poem, and a definite audience, generally of just one person. This auditor does not speak but his actions or even words are often revealed by what the speaker says. The greater vividness of situation and sharper characterization of the listener distinguish Browning's dramatic monologues from those of his contemporaries. Tennyson's *Ulysses,* for instance, is quite shadowy in its situation and audience compared with *Andrea del Sarto* or *Fra Lippo Lippi.*

Browning had a peculiar power of entering sympathetically into the mood of strange characters placed in unusual situations. He refused to take the conventional explanation of their conduct. Witness the way he turns inside out the traditional story of *The Glove and the Lions* as Leigh Hunt told it. What he puts into their mouths, too, is not so much what they actually said in the circumstances imagined, as what passed through their minds and perhaps remained unspoken. Sometimes however, the monologue is quite convincing in its dramatic fitness, usually in the shorter monologues like *My last Duchess* or in letters such as *Cleon* and *An Epistle of Karshish. Andrea del Sarto,* however, despite its length is wonderfully realistic. It was a favorite of Browning himself who usually chose it when asked to read aloud from his own poetry. This is somewhat surprising when one remembers the qualities of character Browning admired and rated highest—courage, energy, persistence, such as Herve Riel displayed—the qualities for whose lack he condemns the lovers

in *The Statue and The Bust.* Of course Browning maintained that what was said in these poems was "the opinions of so many men and women, not mine." And it is no doubt true that in *Andrea del Sarto* he is just a spiritual medium for the luckless Florentine painter. Yet one can hardly miss the sympathy and tender pity, with which the whole poem is suffused, for this faultless painter of that old Florence that Browning loved.

5-7. These lines obviously state the subject of the quarrel referred to in the first line. Andrea, it seems, had demurred at both the subject and the treatment of it that the 'friend's friend' wanted. Wearied by his wife's scolding he makes this complete surrender on condition that she sit beside him for a little while in the gathering twilight.

15. *Fiesole* (fe-a-so-le). The ancient Faesulae, now a town of about 5,000 population. It is 3 miles north-east of Florence on a hill 970 feet above sea-level. It has a well preserved Roman theatre and several beautiful monasteries and churches. Browning evidently shortens the word into three syllables by running the first two together.

20. *This.* Evidently she acquiesces and sits down beside him. Throughout the poem we are reminded of the situation by such little touches as the one here.

35. *Greyness silvers everything.* Andrea's paintings are noted for the silver gray harmony of their coloring.

51. This line expresses perfectly the settled melancholy of Andrea's fatalistic temperament.

57. *Cartoon.* A sketch, usually in pencil or charcoal, to serve as a model for a painting. The use of cartoon in the sense of a comic caricature dates only from the 50's of last century.

66. *In France.* At the court of Francis I in 1518.

73-75. A fine example of Browning's command of blank verse. The easy, natural, flowing rhythm of these lines would be hard to match outside of Shakespeare.

76. *Someone.* Michael Angelo. See line 183.

79-82. These lines contain good examples of Browning's effective use of simple, homely words.

86. A line without an 's' sound. Such lines are rare in English poetry. Browning, however, has an occasional one. Compare lines 14, 17, 18, 170, 171, 226, 352.

90. *From myself to myself.* He does not imitate other painters and paints to please himself.

93. Morello, a high peak of the Apennines, north of Florence.

97-8. This thought constantly recurs in Browning's poems. See *A Grammarian's Funeral, Abt Vogler.*

105. This line fixes the date of the conversation that Browning imagines in *Andrea del Sarto* for the year 1525. Raphael Sanzio was born at the city of Urbino in 1483 and died at Rome in 1520.

105. George Vasari was a painter but is best known now as the author of *Lives of the Most Excellent Italian Painters, Sculptors and Architects,* the book from which Browning got the facts for his poem.

108. *With kings and popes to see.* From 1508 to his death in 1520, Raphael was in the service of Pope Julius II and Pope Leo X. The amount of his work in the Vatican alone is prodigious.

129. *By.* Beside, in comparison with.

130. *Angelo.* Michelangelo, 1475-1564, a famous Italian sculptor, painter, architect, and poet.

134. Compare Matthew Arnold's line: "The aids to noble life are all within." *Wordly Place,* l.14.

137-140. Browning is usually at his best in depicting a more vigorous man than poor Andrea but in these lines he has caught the very spirit of the painter's gentle but settled melancholy.

149. *That Francis.* Francis I, 1494-1547, king of France, a great patron of the arts.

150. *Fontainebleau.* A town 37 miles south-east of Paris. The palace was from the middle ages one of the chief residences of the kings of France.

169. The relative after 'bat' is omitted. The omission of relatives is common in Browning's poetry.

189-193. This remark is recorded by Bocchi in his *Bellezze di Firenze:* "There is a bit of a manikin in Florence, who, if he chanced to be employed in great undertakings as you have happened to be, would force you to look well about you."

202. The connection is "Still all I care for (l. 198) . . . is, whether, etc."

207. Evidently Lucrezia judges a picture solely by the price

it will fetch. And so Andrea has to make this pitiful explanation.

222. *For that.* He gives her money.

228. *Idle, you call it.* Lucrezia understands only actual working with the brush; she thinks Andrea idle when he sits dreaming of the form his masterpiece should take.

241. *Scudi.* A scudo, pl. scudi (literally, a shield) was an Italian coin worth about a dollar.

251-2. It is not clear whether Andrea means that one gets rich by working hard, 'my two hundred pictures', or by cheating, 'I took his coin.'

261. *In the new Jerusalem.* See *Revelations*, xxi, 15 ff.

263. *Leonard.* Leonardo da Vinci, 1452-1519. A famous Italian painter, architect, sculptor, scientist, engineer, and musician. He went to France, at the invitation of Francis I, in 1516, and died there at the Chateau de Cloux. His best known picture is the 'Mona Lisa' in the Louvre.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, 1822-1888

Dover Beach

Dover Beach was printed in the *New Poems* of 1867. In both form and expression it is one of Arnold's most characteristic poems. To appreciate fully all that is implied in it, the reader would need to know something of the religious controversy in England from the Oxford Movement of the 30's to the disputes about 'higher criticism' in the 60's. All this religious unrest and uncertainty underlies the thought of the poem and accounts for the mood in which it is written. Love seems the one thing on which to rely in a world of uncertainties and half-beliefs.

The poem is divided into four stanzas or paragraphs each differing in length and rhyme scheme from the others. The lines range from four syllables to ten in length and the metre, though generally iambic, changes freely and irregularly. *Dover Beach*, indeed, is sometimes pointed to as an early example of 'free verse'. Whatever its form, one can hardly fail to note the grave sombre music of its changing rhythms or to be sobered, if not exactly saddened, by its weight of thought and depth of feeling.

2. *Fair.* Beautiful.

5. *The straits.* That is, of Dover. The town of Dover is only 21 miles from the French coast.

7. *Only.* The thought is, everything is tranquil and lovely only 'you hear the grating roar'. This harsh and monotonous sound brings in a note of sadness.

10. *Suck back.* Notice the precision of this description.

12. Note how the pauses in the line imitate or suggest the action of the waves.

14. *Eternal.* Ever present.

15. *Sophocles.* One of the three great tragic poets of Greece. He was born in 495 or 496 B.C. and died 406 B.C. Arnold was a great admirer of his tragedies. See his sonnet, *To a Friend.*

16. *Heard it.* The reference is likely to one of the choruses in the Antigone (583-588) where the evil about to break on a doomed house is compared to the coming of a storm from the

sea. "It rolls up the dark shingle from the depth and the beach on which it breaks resounds with a stormy moan."

16. *Aegean.* The Aegean Sea, that part of the Mediterranean half surrounded by Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor.

17. *Turbid.* Confused; turbid water is water muddied with sediment.

20. *Distant.* It seemed very remote to the ancients who seldom ventured beyond the pillars of Hercules, that is, the straits of Gibraltar.

22. *At the full.* That is, at full or high tide.

25. *Withdrawing.* As it withdraws or ebbs.

26-28. Note the details by which Arnold suggests the bleakness of the world that is left bare by the ebb of faith.

33-34. That is, all these things must be found within ourselves; they are not inherent in the world. Compare the well-known line in his sonnet on *Wordly Place:* "The aids to noble life are all within".

35. *Darkling.* Dimly seen, obscure.

37. *Ignorant armies.* Neither side has clear knowledge or vision.

QUESTIONS

Paradise Lost, Book I

1. Scan lines 1-10. Show from your scansion what Milton meant by "the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another."

2. How do you account for the fact that the gods of Greece and Rome are treated less harshly by Milton than the other gods, described in lines 376-506?

3. What are the characteristics of Satan that make the reader admire him? Is it a defect of the epic that Satan is not made more repulsive?

4. What advantages does Milton secure by identifying the fallen angels with heathen deities?

5. Why does Milton represent the relatively unimportant gods of Canaan and Palestine as the chief opponents of God?

6. Which three or four passages of 5 to 10 lines seem to you the most musical in Book I?

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day

1. How far has Dryden succeeded in making his language fit the different instruments enumerated in the ode?

2. What attempt does he make to adapt the metre to the characteristic music of each instrument?

3. Select at least three words in the ode which we should not use to-day where Dryden uses them.

Intimations of Immortality

1. Which stanza of the ode seems to you the greatest? What are your reasons for selecting the one you do?

2. What are the successive stages of man's giving up of his childhood joy?

3. Is this ode notable for its thought, its pictures, or its rhythms? What passages in it seem to you most admirable?

The Bull Fight

1. In what details of his description is Byron inaccurate?

2. Did Byron enjoy the spectacle of the fight?

3. What is the name of the stanza form used? How does Byron's use of it differ from Tennyson's in the opening stanzas of *The Lotos Eaters?*

Ode to the West Wind

1. Describe the metre used in this poem.

2. In what respects does this ode seem to you greater than Byron's *The Bull Fight?*

Ode on a Grecian Urn

1. From the details given in the ode describe the urn Keats had in mind.

2. Explain lines 11-12, 14, 24, 49-50.

3. What advantages has art over nature as Keats represents the matter?

The Guardian Angel

1. How does the idea expressed in lines 33-35 differ from that expressed in Keats' ode *On a Grecian Urn*, lines 49-50 ?

2. Would anything be lost if the poem ended with stanza 5 ?

Andrea Del Sarto

1. What do you infer about the appearance of Lucrezia from line 26 ?

2. What is meant by the statement "all that's behind us," in line 54 ?

3. Explain "brought a mind" (126) and "incentives come from the soul's self" (134).

4. In what places in the poem is any action by either of the two indicated? What do you imagine it to be in each place?

5. "Browning, with his fixed idea of the glory of the imperfect, the divine evidence of perpetual development, could not forgive Andrea for being called the 'faultless painter.' Thus Browning has made of him a horrible example, has used him merely as the text for a sermon." Is this a fair comment on the poem? Is your feeling toward Andrea one of pity or contempt or both?

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